

WASHINGTON.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1837.

"OUR COUNTRY—ALWAYS RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

TO THE NATIVE AMERICANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY:

Fellow Citizens. I am directed by the President and Council of the Native American Association of the U. S. at Washington City, to invite you to form in the different counties and cities of the several states, auxiliary native associations to be united with us, in this cause.

I am also instructed to call your attention to the necessity of authorizing a committee of each of such societies, as may be formed, to prepare, in your name, memorials to Congress; to be presented at the early part of the ensuing regular session, praying for a repeal of the laws of naturalization.

Your, fellow countryman,
HENRY J. BRENT.

Corresponding Secy. of the Native Am. Association of the U. S. Wash. City.

We think it proper to lay before the public briefly the objects, sought to be accomplished by the Native American Association of this City.

First. We wish to establish a national character because we believe that it embraces the elements of national perpetuity, and inasmuch, as it is, a political axiom, that the wealth of a nation results from the joint labor, and aggregate produce of the exertions of the whole people, so we contend, must the establishment of a character for that people, proceed from their joint interest in the honor of that nation, and in the homogeneity of their principles. These can be felt and possessed only by men, who have either inherited as it were, or who have been early educated and long practiced in the doctrines of our institutions.

Secondly. We advocate an entire repeal of the naturalization law, in order to save our system, from the change which the discordant materials from foreign countries, will eventually produce, and our countrymen from the influence of foreign customs, foreign doctrines, habits, prejudices, and vices.

Thirdly. We desire to see the naturalized citizens protected in all their rights, civil and political; but we do not desire to see them preferred, to our own countrymen.

Fourthly. We wish to establish among ourselves, as natives, a family feeling, a common sympathy, which shall be our preservation and happiness in peace, and our strength, and security in war.

Fifthly. We interpret that article of our constitution, which has a reference to office, as contending for the wisdom as well as justice, in having a purely American government, administered in all its ramifications by men who are purely Americans, and not by those who owe a temporary fealty here, and are yet entitled by the laws of their own nation, to reversionary rights as subjects there; not by men who have a quality of character, and may be patriots, here or elsewhere, as their interest calls.

In fine, our efforts will be—to unite our countrymen in one band of brotherhood, and teach them to rely upon themselves, for the prosperities of peace, and in the perils of defence, so that from one common impulse we may believe our country always right, and under all circumstances sustain the creed—that "right or wrong our country."

We mentioned in our last, that we had received a translation from a German paper, entitled "Anzeiger des Westus" published at St. Louis Missouri; which means "The Emigrant's Guide to Power." Of our translation however we are not confident, for to tell the truth, we do not understand that emphonic language.

The article translated is a two columner—and a real Dutch explosion upon the Native American Association of this city. It is a dish seasoned, in all the superlative gastronomy of Dutch housewifery, and smells wonderfully fragrant of fried onions, and boiled pipe stems. Putting a bottle of camphor under our nasal organ, we will with some show at least of courage undertake an examination.—We have come to a pretty pass indeed, when we are to be dictated to by a party, who cannot even speak our language, and are obliged to have, what they intend for us, translated by these common sewers of foreign filth, the "liberal papers." Anxious indeed must they be for power, if the Dutchman pays out his money to have his writings translated.

Yes, a Dutch paper has determined to oppose the Native Americans. But are we surprised? By no means; we knew long ago, that the battle had commenced, between the native born and the foreigner; we knew that the flags were up, but we had not distinctly seen what their mottoes were, until this worthy and angry German gave the battle cry, in full. Here it is, he says, "All this taken together imperiously compel us to lay aside all unbecoming deference, and begin against this party a warfare which shall terminate only with our or their decisive discomfiture."

Native Americans, do you read right? Do you hear the threat, do you see the array of battle? Then rally to the true standard.

The foreign party has nailed its colors to the mast, and they are *to perish*! Who are they? Aliens as you see to our language—to our soil, to our memories of war, and sacrifices of peace. They may be honest workmen, but they are dangerous politicians, we know how they are ground down in their own land without resisting the iron rule, for a poor German scissor grinder, who stopped at our door some days ago, told us, that the poor man in his country, was obliged to pay to the King, two dollars for every beef he killed! "But why," said we, "did not such hardy fellows as you, rise up and kill the tyrant—crush the painted butterfly in your herculean grasp?" The poor grinder thrust his head, like a terrapin, in his coat collar, gave a meaning shrug, which spoke a history of popular cowardice, and sharpened the little instrument on which he was at work. The same man may hereafter sharpen on the same stone, swords for his countrymen, and for what purpose? Yes, these are the people who are to crush us, men who had not the valor to strike off the tiny links of the Germanic dominion, but who have the impudence to threaten to crush beneath their feet, and nullify the laws of foreign despotism. Yes, foreign despotism, mind those words, we cannot ruin ourselves, however severe our domestic political differences, they tend but to strengthen the bonds of union; but beware of foreigners! Bonaparte himself could only be vanquished by foreigners. British valor, and Prussian quick marching, adding thereto a small spice of British perfidy, done on the high seas near St. Helena, and the victory is accounted for, no, can we only be

disbanded, overcome by a combination of foreigners. The domestic foreigner, leaguings with the raw exotic. The battle cry is up. The swords already gleam. The flags are in the air. Stop, reader, and give the countersign. To which side do you belong? The native or the foreigner? There is but one answer! Pass on: you are for your country!

"The Truth Teller" Newspaper of New York.

We are about entering into the presence of a clergyman, for such we understand to be the Editor of the Truth Teller, and we approach him with respect, for our nature prompts us to subdue all personal pride, when we stand in the presence of elevated piety, and profound learning. We see him in our mind's eye, standing amid his flock, the model of all the virtues, we see his hand open to charity, his tongue ever the servant of peace, the promoter of good feeling, among the people, and the cherisher of all those sublime qualities, that render man honorable on earth, and make him a fit candidate for eternal bliss hereafter. We approach him from a distance, with profound emotions, his vestments are holy in our eyes, that book which he seems to read ever and anon, we take to be the thrice blessed volume, the indignant flush that now spreads over his brow, doubtless proceeds from his abhorrence of vice, that pen and paper lying so modestly upon his desk, how many delightful homilies have they not been the means of publishing. Holy man! how beatific must be your reveries, how consoling your hopes. No man that meets you on the street, but bends his head in reverence and whispers to his neighbor "There goes the Peace Maker." Have we overdrawn your picture Reverend Editor? Let us draw near and see how correct has been our sketch. Alas, "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." The concourse we took to be your flock, given you to instruct by a holy Power, is a crowd of noisy, babbling politicians. That arm which we took, to be outstretched in the act of bestowing charity, is gesticulating for low, miserable party purposes. That tongue which we had deemed the eloquent advocate of truth, the defender of right, and promoter of peace, is engaged with the vindictive passion of human phrenzy, in stirring up sedition, blackening character, and overturning the sacred altars of social happiness. That book, which we supposed to be the Bible, is a party pamphlet of contemptible power—probably written by the reverend clergyman himself—that pen and paper are but the agents of his prejudices, his boil, his bitterness, and malice. Clergymen editor, disrobe thyself. Take off the vestments of the order of Melchisedek, and put on the rough garments of the street ruffian. Threaten the Mayor of New York with a bloody death—howl through the streets of that city, at the head of your armed partisans—bayonet the men, and outrage the women! Hold, intermeddling and scandalous priest, you are profaning the mild and humble creed of your Saviour. Sickness has not so enfeebled our arm, that we cannot continue our castigatory infliction. We are of the same creed that men say you profess and preach, and christianity rises up and asks a vindicator. In us she shall have a poor, but jealous one.

What right have you, judging you by your clerical maxims and principles, to spring like a famished tiger with all your fierce influence into the political arena—where is the decency of your sitting up on your haunches like an ape in a Menagerie and cutting antics before a hissing crowd. Have you no regard for your solemn clothing? You have attacked American rights and placed in the scale of editorial and sacerdotal influence, the usurpations of foreigners, you have held up the misal of your church and enlisted followers under the banner of bigotry, you have tampered with the passions of lawless mobs, you have done all this, and in attending so zealously to all these multifarious matters have you done your duty to your sacred calling? Back mocker of religion and strip off the anointed robes and let your tongs grow out in luxuriant curls, gird on your sword, buckle your loaded pistols to your belt, head your furious companies, and with the Germans of the West, break down the edifices you helped not to erect, and seize upon a Constitution you had no agency in establishing. For the present we leave you to your conscience, but when the occasion comes we will rouse you up again with a voice like a trumpet, and you shall hear us though you be surrounded by your partisans and have the incense of their intoxicating worship flowing into your ears like a sea of charmed melodies. You are now the clerical head of a party, but take care that a layman does not unmask and hold you up to an abused public, auspicious and blistering in your true designs.

We have but to say the word and your proud dome of dreamy ambition will tumble in and crush you to atoms unless being so small you make your escape in a crevice of the floor of the Edifice.—Beware!

We have not done with our German editor. He denies the necessity of a repeal of the Naturalization law. Has he never heard of Amboy?

"Let it be conceded," says this German Expounder of the American Constitution, that a state should only be governed by its own citizens, as it is in the first of the premises assumed, how does it follow that the state shall permit no one on the fulfillment of certain conditions to become a citizen? This he imagines a very serious and puzzling question; but with the constitution in one hand and common sense in the other, we will humbly attempt a reply.

The first says, explicitly, that Congress shall establish a general law of naturalization, which will of course bind upon the states. If Congress has a right to collect customs on foreign goods, it has the right to impose a tax upon foreign bipeds, it has the power to tax them it has the power to exclude. But possibly this sagacious setter of rivers on fire, may deny that Congress has any right to pass laws whatever, except such as grant the public domain to foreigners for the purpose of raising the wine, the olive and the potato.

Like all of his class he quotes as models for one government the practices of other nations and among others some of the most despotie, and once for all we will tell this gentleman that we are not Copyists, we do not want him to point out examples, and when he again has the impudence to do so, he had better leave out old England, whose naturalization law amounts to an entire prohibition, and we like her policy, for it has kept her as she is the queen of European nations.

We refer Mr. German, to Blackstone for information on the subject of Naturalization Laws in England.

He continues and with wonderful sagacity and we beg the readers attention to this passage. The very reverse of this doctrine was held for a long time in South America and Mexico, and a Creole (that is a native) was considered as nothing what the beggar of old Spain ruled as his master. Verily we almost believed the editor was a Native American in principle, when we read the above sentence, but upon reflection we could not but place it to the account of his stupidity. We have you on the hip again, oh; silly editor. Even to this day, the rever se, as he calls it, is held by the foreigner and to this day the natives of this country would

be treated as the poor Crooles, while the beggars of Spain, Ireland, Germany and England would lord it over us in their insulting arrogance, but thank God, we are not the timid, unarmed Crooles of Mexico and Peru, but the Crooles of a free country, ready to live out the combined hordes of foreign invaders whose motto is "Booty and Beauty."

We will detain our kind reader but for one moment more, for we have yet to cross the "Pons Asinorum" of this Dutchman's philosophy.

Hear him and preserve your muscles—"Buffon and other writers on natural history were of opinion that not only the human but the animal race became degenerated on the western continent. These doctrines were ridiculous, but they were not more so than the contrary are, which are based upon the notion that the part of a man's being born in America, gives him any peculiar excellence" (Queere: which part of a man?) "Mr. Brent however, and his reasoning, would go very far indeed to support the doctrine of Buffon." Thank you for placing us in such company, at all events. But we are struck with the sublimity of the sentence, the lucid reflection, the apposite analogy and beg the illustrious author to let the world have more of such delightful matter; as for our opinion with regard to that of Buffon and other naturalists on the subject of the degeneracy of some of the beasts on the Western continent we cannot but express our firm belief that the German boor flourishes wonderfully on our soil, and probably an extension of ears may be the consequence of the emigration, certainly the bray of the "Anzeiger des Westens" is a pretty good specimen of the rapid improvement, but we have passed the "Pons Asinorum."

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

Short Exordium—Reflections in the House—A member from New York.—In these sketches we shall avoid party, that so much indulged in passion, and adhere to a strict impartiality. We do not however expect to escape unaccused, for as sure as fate, we will have to praise and censure, both Whigs and Democrats. But that will make no difference. We shall abide strictly by facts, and merely describe the manner and appearance of the various distinguished men on the floor. It will be a difficult, and at the same time, a pleasant task. Difficult, because we may not please our subjects themselves; and pleasant, because it is delightful to watch the sparkling eye and quivering gesture of an animated man. Some men do not like praise, but public men are not to dictate to us autocrats of types, "we Editors," what we shall say of them, and surely if they can be abused without fighting, as we witness daily, we can praise without the danger of being called to an account. Ours shall be a gallery of paintings, and fortunate or otherwise, as the case may be, will those men be, who shall have their portraits taken by our pen. They will be consigned at once to a Native American immortality, for many a worthy native born is destined yet to read this first printed whole offering to the genius of seventy-six.

We love the Congress of our country. It is to us a teaming and ever-flowing fount of almost enthusiastic reflection. We saunter around the spacious hall, and gaze with throbbing thoughts upon the assembled wisdom of the nation. Amid the tall pillars that support the stuccoed dome, we shake the favorites of forty thousand freemen by the hand, and look into their faces to see (old Lavater in our memory) what manner of men they are to be so popular.

We admire the vast extent of our nation reflected in this moving Agrippian Mirror, and proudly feel that we are among the descendants of those who, in another place, and in another time, built up the tottered temple of liberty, and made it what it is now, the moral and physical wonder of the world.

On Wednesday we entered the hall of Representatives, and took occasion, when the House was called to order, to examine the changes made among the ranks of our old friends of last winter, by the shifting current of popular opinion.

We missed many from their familiar places, and saw them filled by new and youthful members. The most striking feature of the present house is the number of very young men. There are several who appear hardly to have attained their majority, and it is consoling to think that the affairs of the country are getting into the hands of the youthful, for we hold that youth is pure.

But to our day's sketch. Ogden Hoffman, of New York. Rumor had spoken highly of him: All the summer through, we heard whispers of the eloquent man, and even last winter, we learned from a political opponent of Mr. H. (who is whig) that there would be a gallant champion on the floor of Congress in the person of that gentleman. When we first entered the hall, we cast about for this star of the empire delegation, but in vain. No knowing quidnass was by to enlighten us, and we remained in the dark. Imagination painted him with a serene and experienced face, tall figure, and studious looks—a dark shaded brow, and eye like the eagles, for eloquence oftentimes clothes herself with these attributes. The question under discussion had reference to the printer for the House. Some difficulties had arisen among a certain band of Spartans, and the whole House was in excitement. The caucus of the last night had overturned the conventions of a week. Oyster suppers and Old Madeira are irresistible intrigue, and suspicions were afloat, that gastronomic bribes had been used, to cause a diversion in favor of one of the high contending parties. Several speeches had been made. Pickens, of South Carolina, was violent against the corruptions of the press in general, as if the press was the only rotten thing in Denmark, and as if types were the sure channels to rogues. Rely upon it, gentlemen declaimers, that there are other corrupt politicians than Editors, and you but display your ingratitude when you abuse the rope by which you climbed to comparative eminence. Withdraw their names from the celebrity of print, and where are they? Echo says, "aye." Other members had spoken, when suddenly and rapidly a musical voice touched upon our wearied and disgusted ear, a voice so perfectly modulated, that we started from our seat, and without more ado or question, strutted over to the speaker, to catch every dulcet word that fell from his lips. It was Hoffman! "The crack horse of the north," as an equestrian member, though not a knight, observed, as we took our station on the right profile of the orator. Mr. H. broached upon the state of political discipline in the city of New York, &c. His language was strong, his thoughts beautiful—how could he invest so hackneyed a subject with terms so classical? But why ask a question of genius. It was his first effort, and he managed his voice admirably—just loud enough for the difficult and reverberating hall. (To speak low is the great secret of our congressional orators—Cushing, of Massachusetts, is in the secret.) Mr. Hoffman's voice was full, copious, and bugle like. We had never heard cadences fall so harmoniously, and a pin dropped would have sounded harshly on the summer matting, while

he continued. There is nothing at all of the rant school about Mr. H., but he has a manner peculiar to himself, a new and winning mode—powerful indeed must he be before a jury. We remember now that, in spite of the mountainous prejudices, he cleared Robinson, that romantic murderer of the hapless Ellen Jewett.

A crowd of members gathered back of Mr. Hoffman's seat, (which is on the edge of the semicircle, on the left of the Speaker, immediately under the ladies' gallery,) and we saw Mr. Preston of the Senate, so famed himself for his high talents and brilliant elocution, tap him on the shoulder when he took his seat, and smilingly congratulate him on his effort.

Mr. Hoffman was not that tall and frowning genius we had figured him in our mind's eye, but he has an intellectual, warm, and sunny look—his complexion is florid, his hair light. He appears to be about thirty-five years of age, about six feet high, and the most non-chalant man it has been our good luck to see for many a day.

We take it for granted that his is a quick and startling genius—busting over him in radiance, and swaying him like a master. There is a restlessness about him that bespeaks his quivering and excited mind, and probably to him could be applied the wonderful simile of Goethe—"That the root will break the porcelain vase." If we have made Mr. H. the victim of too much praise, he must blame himself for being so eloquent and full of music; and it is our duty to enliven the public, and how can we accomplish that difficult end better than by describing the personal appearance and mode of speech of eminent Members of Congress? In no instance, however, will we descend to private gossip, concerning their in-comings and out goings. We leave those matters to the vile panders to a disordered public taste—to such low and malicious creatures as the famous correspondent of the New York Herald. We stand responsible for what we say of men—our shield is our own self-respect. We skulk behind no shadow, that thence we may strike down the innocent.

We have mentioned the correspondent of the New York Herald, because he has infested this city for the last twelve months, prying into the affairs and history of every one, and cooking up his nauseous dose of domestic gossip, to feed the greedy ears of vulgar readers. The cowskin would be the best corrective for such a villain, whoever he may be. But this is out of our line, though it is a duty we owed to the public, to say of this place to handle this matter without mittens.

We have received the Plate number of the New York Mirror. The editors of this work, deserve great credit for the encouragement they extend to native artists. The present number is ornamented with a portrait of W. C. Bryant, a fine and intellectual head. The contents are varied, and among other things contain a splendid poem by our esteemed friend Greenville Mellen. Whatever this fine poet writes, bears the impress of a rich, glowing and strictly moral mind.

We have received an address on the duties of American citizens, delivered in last January, by Charles D. Drake, Esq; at St. Louis, Missouri. We have read this spirited production with great pleasure, and shall take an early occasion to extract from its well arranged contents.

We have at present only time to wish Mr. Drake every success and beg him not to falter on his path of arousing the Americans of the west to a sense of their interests and their rights.

We have marked many striking passages for publication.

NOTICES OF MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.

The Knickerbocker for August is upon our Table. This book is of an American character, and we believe it was established particularly to fill the vacuum occasioned in this country of a purely indigenous work. In former times it was conducted by an eminent native writer, the Rev. Timothy Flint, whose voluminous pen gave great interest to its pages. Since then it has passed through the hands of several editors, always gaining strength and popularity. The most splendid and gorgeous writings of the day (of the Periodical class) will be found in the Knickerbocker, under the head of the letters from Palmyra. We are rejoiced to see that these eminent letters have been collected, and published in book form.

The first article, in the present number, is a fine and valuable paper, and we cannot but extract its last sentence: the article is entitled "The Nobility of Nature."

"There was a man among my countrymen, who, whenever he appeared upon the theatre of human affairs, was excellent great. He laid the foundation of a vast empire of freemen, he guided the reins of government with noble disinterestedness and virtue, he resigned them gladly to his successor, and with the blessings of millions, went into honorable retirement. Whether in emotion, thought or action, who has known one so pure, so great and good? A distinguished British peer said of him, that 'he was the only human being for whom he felt an awful reverence.' Washington was, indeed, the highest of the nobility of nature—"Greatest, noblest, purest of mankind."

The second prose article is one of great nerve and brilliancy. "Notes of a Surgeon, number one, The Dislocation"—we like it as well as those graphic sketches of a London Physician.

American Antiquities we recommend to the Press—and hope these articles will be generally republished.

The Backwoodsman is an interesting article, though the heroine we think a little affected. The writer has great aptitude in describing scenes, and his style resembles that of Semmes, the novelist. There are other articles in this valuable Periodical, which the pressure for room prevents our noticing, at length. The sketches of England are excellent; and Ollapod is tolerably good—he is the most affected and straining writer, we read in modern print: It will not do, Ollapod must try, and be agreeable, in some other way; he has power, but he tries too hard to write with a pen of iron and lightning. "Altogether," as the critics say, the Knickerbocker is a valuable acquisition to our literature, but it must not puff itself.

GOING IT STRONG.—James Knowles of Point Judith, in the last war, lived in an exposed situation near the ocean, and never went to bed without having his gun well charged by his side. One night there was a violent thunder-gust which shook the house to its foundation. "Husband! husband!" screamed the wife, "get up! the British have landed, or the day of judgment has come—I don't know which."—By gosh!" said Knowles, springing from the bed and seizing his firelock, "I'm ready for either."

From the Washah Courier.

The New York and Cincinnati papers contain [as a matter of great moment at this time] a profile likeness of the Young Queen of England. We are sorry to see these displays in American Republican prints. It savors too much of the balderdash of English publications: for it must be perfectly immaterial to the American reader what she looks like. Unless the young Queen is much handsomer than the print put forward by these Editors, we think she is no way killing. In our rambles in these backwoods, a few years since, we came to an Indian village in which was congregated a large gang of squaws, the ugliest of whom

was a perfect charmer in comparison to "her Majesty." We think the painter Callyn has been passing off some of his squaw heads on the New York Editors.

GENERAL ITEMS.

We shall give a weekly synopsis of the proceedings in Congress, divesting them of the dull and uninteresting minutiae, which crowd the columns of the daily papers.

Why is Rufus Dawes left out of the list of American poets attested to the prospectus of the American Anthology? He is decidedly one of the best, as he is one of the most modest of our bards.

The President's Message was read in the House of Representatives and Senate on Tuesday, the 5th instant. It is a very long and argumentative document, and ascribes the miseries that have overtaken the country to the too great facility of obtaining credit, and to overtrading. Mr. Van Buren recommends the creation of Treasury Offices, to collect and distribute the monies of the country.

Successful experiments have been made in New York of the "Life Preserver's Mattress," which is to be used in case of shipwreck, or other disasters on the water.

A splendid steam ship for the New York and Liverpool packet line, to be called the Victoria, will soon be finished. Look out for emigrants.

The Queen of England is shortly to be married to a noble youth of England—his name is not given in the papers.

We have information besides that a steamboat lately arrived at Marseilles, having two cases aboard of the pest, and that it was put immediately in strict and close quarantine. We hope that by the proper precautions our European friends will be able to sway the steps of both the pest and cholera, although they cannot hope to be entirely free from their partial invasions.

A miller while travelling from his residence in the State of New York to Ohio, to purchase wheat, had his trunk robbed of sixty thousand dollars. He has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the recovery of the balance.

The Grand Jury of Richmond, Virginia, have made several hundred presentments—the gamblers have been particularly attended to.

A LAWYER'S CRITICISM OF SHAKESPEARE.—I own that I never perused my chief favorite, the Merchant of Venice, without a mixture of melancholy to think that it has so many faults, and in particular that the distress turns chiefly upon embarrassments with which no lawyer can seriously sympathize. There are several striking flaws in this drama. In the first place, Antonio's difficulties arise entirely from his gross oversight in not affecting an insurance upon his various argosies. He should have opened a set of policies at once upon the Rialto, where marine insurance was perfectly well understood, and where the brokers would have got him fifty names in a forenoon to any extent upon ship, freight or cargo, lost or not lost. This prudent step would have given a totally different turn to the whole affair. When he wanted to help Bassanio with three thousand ducats for three months, he could easily have raised the money at four per cent., on the security of an assignment of the policy. Shylock says of him, "Antonio is a good man; yet his means are in opposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripoli, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there's land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks." Now, these are the very risks which the contract of insurance is intended to cover, as clearly explained in Marshall and our other writers, and as expressed in the following clause inserted in all policies: "Touching the adventures and perils which the said assured are contented to bear, and do take upon them in this voyage, they are of the seas, men of war, fire, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jetsons, &c., barraty of the masters or mariners, and of all other perils, losses, and misfortunes, that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment, damage of the said goods or merchandise, and ship or vessel." With this precaution, Antonio's means would have been no longer in supposition, but in certainty, and as good as hard cash, under deduction merely of the premium of insurance. Finally, when intelligence was received of Antonio's argosies being wrecked, it is plain that he might, in the circumstances, have at once abandoned to the underwriters, and claimed for a total loss. It is painful to see so many amiable characters involved in griefs and difficulties which this simple and natural expedient would have obviated. My feelings at this reflection are somewhat akin to those of a very susceptible medical friend, who declares that he can never sit out Romeo and Juliet, from the thought that a judicious use of the stomach pump, in the last scene, would remove all the distresses, and make two lovers happy.—*Duckwood's Magazine.*

ADVANTAGE OF WELL CULTIVATED FARMS. The last season, one well tilled land under a high state of cultivation, were well remunerated for labor expended, while those who tilled worn out farms, scarcely raised the amount of bread stuff, expended during the summer. It is time that more attention was paid to increasing the fertility of the soil, and we are glad to see that the H. F. & H. Agricultural Society have offered a premium of \$15 on the greatest quantity of good manure, that shall be made from the first day of June, 1837, to June 1st, 1838. A written description of the making will be required, and an opinion of the best and least expensive mode of increasing the same, regard being had to the number and kind of animals kept in the yard, stables, and pens.

We find a few (and too few) of our farmers awake to the subject, and they have resolved to till less land, believing that they can get larger crops; at any rate they are satisfied that a crop will be more sure on good land than on poor. A gentleman in this vicinity told us the other day, that he had commenced improving his farm in earnest. He had raised the value of his farm and greatly increased the produce by ditching.—He has a spout at his back door into which his soap suds &c. are poured, and carried under ground to a pen or yard a few rods from his house. This pen is so constructed that he can drive through it with a cart, and here he deposits turf, muck, damaged hay and straw, which a good yard of porks manufacture into first rate manure. In this way he has doubled the produce of his farm. Much may be done toward improving land by a rotation of crops.

The celebrated naturalist Mirbel, has lately given the following explanations of the phenomena that render rotation of crops advisable. "Plants require other elements of assimilation, and cannot thrive without them. For instance there is silica in the cane, and there is lime in certain plants, (say wheat,) whose organization could not be completed without it. The quantity of any such foreign ingredient in a plant is generally small; still the necessity for it may be presumed as absolute. Plants cannot be constituted unless all the materials they require be furnished to them; and indeed the same observations will apply to animals; deprive a hen of lime, her eggs will have no shell, deprive the earth of its salts, such as form, potash, soda, or in combination with minerals, lime, gypsum, &c. and you destroy its productive power. The smallest quantity of gypsum will have a remarkable effect on clover; and the effects of the other combinations are scarcely less visible on other varieties of plants. But the formation of these salts, or materials, exciting and sustaining the growth of the plants, when spontaneous, is slow, and the result of regular chemical changes which have been at work for centuries; and when more rapid and limited supply is exhausted as it soon must be, if the successive crops of the same kind are forced upon the soil, the plants will look yellow and shabby, each year renders it more worthless, until finally not even will grow to repay cultivation. Let the crop perish where it grows, the earth will re-assume the minerals and salts extracted from it during such growth and the same plants will flourish indefinitely."